

THE POLISH REVIEW

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Jadwiga, the Girl-Queen of Poland, as portrayed in a pageant given by the students of the School conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in the spring of this year.

Jadwiga was wedded in 1386 to Jagiello, Grand Duke of Lithuania, thereby bringing about the union of Poland and Lithuania which endured until the partitions of Poland in the 18th century.

Professor Eric P. Kelly, who sent in the photograph writes: "The costume was worked out with infinite care. Jadwiga wears the robes of royalty, with the *korale* of the peasants about her neck since she was distinctly a queen, or rather a 'king' of the peasant people and especially loved by them. The crown is the replica of the Lost Crown of Poland, made from a model drawn by the artist Aniela Pruszyńska from older models and descriptions and cast by a goldsmith in Lwow in 1929."

"A GREAT INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE TO POLAND"

Excerpts from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives by Honorable Daniel J. Flood

ON MARCH 1, 1945, we had the honor of listening in this very hall to President Franklin D. Roosevelt making a report on the Yalta Conference. At that time he disclosed to us, in addition to a press release which was published at the conclusion of the meeting, several of different agreements and arrangements arrived at by the participants of the Big Three caucus. I call this conference a caucus because it was kept from the eyes and ears of the press, of the politicians and no one in the whole world has ever been informed of what really went on in the sumptuous rooms of the Tsarist palace at Yalta.

On this March 1, 1945, we learned only a fraction, and a very small fraction only, of what was agreed upon and decided at the Crimea Conference. We did not like this fraction and the late President himself admitted that he did not like it. The tone of his speech was apologetic. He termed many of the Yalta decisions a "compromise" and particularly he referred to the decisions concerning our most faithful ally—Poland—as a "compromise." He said: "I did not agree with all of it by any means."

As time went on we learned more about the Crimea decisions. The more we learned about them the less we liked them. Our apprehensions grew and we became more and more uneasy with each new disclosure.

It has been long agreed that the fate of Poland is the test case of our dealing with postwar problems.

I do not need to stress before this Body Poland's record as a fighting member of the United Nations during the war. The magnificent resistance put up by the Poles to German aggression in 1939, the heroism of the Polish Army, navy and air force displayed in every campaign the United Nations had to fight in the war and the truly fabulous deeds of Poland's underground Home Army, found recognition many times in this House. I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning that Poland was the only country of Europe which had no Quisling, which has never collaborated with the Germans and which paid the highest price for having stood on our side during the entire war. The graves of Polish soldiers in Norway, in France, at Tobruk in Africa, at Monte Cassino in Italy, in Normandy, in Belgium, in Holland and in Germany, alongside of the uncounted graves of victims of the German barbarism in Poland itself, and particularly the graves of the Polish fliers who saved Great Britain in 1940—these graves, and not my words testify to the magnificent role played by the Polish nation in this war.

It was Poland that President Roosevelt called "the inspiration to liberty-loving people," and it was Poland that our friend, Frank C. Walker, then a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, publicly described as "the mother of the United Nations."

While the war lasted Poland's war effort was appreciated by all the United Nations and declarations of admiration and encouragement were heaped upon the Polish nation. This noble nation took all the words it heard at their face value. The Poles believed in the sincerity of the words spoken and the pledges given to them on behalf of the United States.

And then came Yalta. Scrapping the Atlantic Charter and all provisions of international law, the agreement on Poland reached at Yalta made the United States a party to the deal which,

1. Incorporated into the Soviet Union 46% of Poland's territory;

2. forcibly deprived the constitutional government of Poland of the possibility of performing its duties on the liberated territory of Poland;
3. handed over the administration of Poland to a handful of puppets subservient to a foreign power and;
4. unleashed the dreaded and vindictive Soviet secret police known as the NKVD.

Last Fall members of a Sub-Committee appointed by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs went to Poland and submitted to us a most appalling report of conditions prevailing there.

All this is a direct result of the agreements reached at the Yalta Conference. It was there that we disclaimed all ties and obligations with and towards the constitutional Polish government-in-exile under whose leadership the Polish nation fought in the war on our side, the constitutional legality of which our Government had fully recognized and which had been represented here in Washington throughout the war by its duly appointed Ambassador accredited to our President. It was that government which continued Poland's gallant fight after the initial Polish defeat in 1939. It was that government which, despite German and Soviet hindrance and with Anglo-American blessing smuggled out of Poland thousands of young Poles, trained them as parachutists, tankers, infantrymen and the hottest fighters of the Royal Air Force. It was that Polish government which kept in constant touch with the Polish underground, which provided us with most valuable information about the situation behind the German fronts, which directed all the sabotage, thus helping the Soviet Russian armies

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What the Reviewers Say About *Silent Is the Vistula*

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EFFECTS OF THE YALTA DECISION

*The Conspiracy of Silence** by CHRISTOPHER BURGESS

NOBODY who really knows the ideological basis of Soviet policy can be surprised that the Soviet Government is flagrantly breaking The Hague Regulations to which it has subscribed. According to the teaching of Marx, Engels and Lenin there is no real difference between the states of peace, war and revolution. They are all merely means of obtaining the final goal of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The German-Soviet agreement signed at Moscow, September 28, 1939, provided for the division of Poland between Hitler Germany and Stalinist Russia. It was an open violation of the Hague Regulations. Another violation was the election and plebiscite held in Polish territory on the question of the transfer of such territory to the U. S. S. R. It is unnecessary to point out that a similar violation occurred when Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia were incorporated into the U. S. S. R. Though none of these acts was recognized as legal by the Allied powers, this non-recognition has not hindered the Russian government or the Kremlin leaders. They have treated occupied countries as parts of the Russian state; they have changed their social, legal and economic structures; they have destroyed religious life; and they have deported millions of citizens into Russia. All protests were treated as scraps of paper. As we know now, they paid special attention to destroying religious life, deporting the most active members of Catholic organizations, laymen as well as priests. Subsequent German occupation merely replaced the Soviet extermination policy by a similar German policy of extermination. The same methods were applied in the name of different principles.

In the Polish-Soviet agreement signed in London on July 30, 1941, we read: "... the Government of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics recognizes the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to the territorial changes in Poland as having lost their validity."

From this declaration it would be reasonable to conclude that all acts of incorporation were nullified and that Poland would receive full rights over its own territory and its citizens before September 1, 1939. But the Soviet Government has its own logic. It conjured up an ethnical principle, declaring that only Poles are recognized as Polish citizens, whereas Ukrainians, Jews and White Russians are Soviet citizens. Russia replaced the Ribbentrop-Molotov line by the Curzon line, then created a Quisling-Polish government which—supported by the Russian NKVD—took over Poland and became really the sovereign power there. All the above mentioned violations of international law were approved, directly or indirectly, by the famous Yalta declarations. For better understanding of the importance of the Yalta document, we must make a careful analysis of some of its ideas.

The Yalta declaration constitutes a major violation of the principles of international law. Two statesmen, who lacked even the power to decide questions of borders and forms of government in respect to their own countries, assumed these powers in regard to other sovereign states; in regard to their allies, Poland, Yugoslavia and China. They disregarded the fact that *res inter alios acta* are not valid. Their excuse, that their action was necessary for reasons of military expediency, is irrelevant, especially since these matters belong in principle to the peace table and are not susceptible to wartime solution. The Allied chiefs disregarded the sharp distinction inter-



August Cardinal Hlond at a celebration of a Pontifical Mass following his installation as Archbishop of Warsaw on May 30, 1946. The ceremonies were not attended by the Warsaw "Government's" representatives.

national law makes between the state of peace and the state of war. It is sometimes argued that the Yalta agreement was not final, and that the peace conference of all the Allies will have the opportunity to change it. This is not a valid argument because: The Yalta decisions have already been acted upon, especially by Russia, which has followed them to their final conclusion; and the peace conference representatives from the affected states within the Russian zone will be mere puppets, as everybody acknowledges.

The lack of logic in the decisions of the Yalta Conference is strikingly evident when we consider the fact that whereas neither the United States nor Great Britain recognized the plebiscite and the incorporation of the eastern part of Poland and the three Baltic countries into the U. S. S. R., nevertheless these allied powers have silently acquiesced in the effects of these incorporations: the Soviet-Quisling governments, the bilateral pacts imposed by the Soviet, the deportation and transfer of populations, and all other Soviet action taken in these countries.

Completely under the domination of the Kremlin are: Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Eastern Poland, Bessarabia and Bukovina, Moldavia and Carpatho-Ukraine; which all together comprise 168,163 square miles of territory and about 23 million inhabitants, more than half of whom are Catholics. Theoretically the Allies, *de jure*, do not recognize their incorporation into Russia. However, silence gives consent. In fact, Mr. Churchill, in

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CIVIL WAR?

by A. K. ADAMS

In five days the Warsaw regime lost two important battles before the high tribunal of world opinion: the first was the fraudulent referendum whose purpose was to demonstrate the popular support allegedly enjoyed by the Communist clique, but which was quickly recognized as a gigantic swindle; the second was the massacre in Kielce. Here, the speedy hanging of nine semi-illiterate drunkards did not save the precarious position of the Warsaw henchmen. Responsible Jewish leaders in the United States, although still preserving a cautious self-restraint, seem to have no doubts as to who staged and provoked the pogrom. Bowing under the burden of accumulating evidence, the Polish Soviets decided to arrest the head of Kielce's Security Bureau, Major Sobczynski. It should be recalled that the same ruthless and efficient Security officer, who displayed such "helplessness" in Kielce, ordered and supervised the killing of the Peasant Leader Kojder while heading the Security Bureau in Rzeszow in the fall of 1945.

Having failed in its attempt to compromise the opposition and secure for itself the sympathetic attitude of the Western World, the Warsaw Government is nevertheless achieving its primary objective in Poland: to disrupt and destroy all semblances of an organized and well-functioning State and to plunge the country into chaos, thus providing reasons for the Eastern Neighbor to take over completely "this ugly offspring of the Versailles Treaty," to deprive it of the last vestige of independence, and to incorporate it into the Great Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The referendum and the pogrom were only insignificant symptoms of the convulsions contorting the satellite Polish State. To see the truth of this, one need only read some reports of the last few weeks:

On May 24, partisan units captured the town of Starogard and held it for five days against attacks by Soviet and Security troops (*Daily Mail*).

In the referendum period armed bands organized 250 assaults in which 146 people were killed and over 400 gravely injured (official Security report).

Near Lukow (Lublin province) partisans attacked a train, dragged out and killed 5 Red Army officers and 4 Communist Party members (*Manchester Guardian*).

In Zamosc and Hrubieszow prisons were attacked, prisoners liberated (900 in Zamosc, 280 in Hrubieszow), guards killed (*Manchester Guardian*).

In the towns of Wyrzysk, Stoczek, Olchow, regular battles were fought (Warsaw Press).

The Security Bureau organized terror raids on 20 villages in Sochaczew county, killing many peasants, beating women and children (refugees' report).

On July 3rd, in Zwolin (Radom county), 19 Soviet soldiers were killed after attempts of rape and horse-stealing (*N. Y. Times*).

Along the Curzon Line, on the River San, and in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, the situation is entirely out of hand and the Government is unable or unwilling to control it.

An Allied officer travelling from Lublin to the former East Prussian town of Olsztyn (Allenstein) reports terrible conditions with armed bands of unknown origin robbing, looting and killing everything and everybody.

The regime ascribes the unrest to the activity of fascist bands directed by General Anders or the London Polish Government. The unbiased truth is however very different:

It cannot be denied that desperate Poles, threatened by arrest or execution for political reasons, deprived by the Communists of all means of making a decent living (including ration cards), escape to the forests and take by force what they are unable to obtain peacefully. They scrupulously avoid any attacks on the genuine Polish population and direct their activity against the Security and Communist Party offices, Government controlled institutions and Soviet transports of looted goods. These partisans enjoy the support of the population who—according to Sefton Delmer of Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*—never complain when punitive Soviet or Security expeditions burn their homes for hiding and helping the partisans.

Other factors, however, are decisive and more characteristic:

The Bulbist and Bandera bands, operating all along the Curzon Line down to the Czechoslovak frontier, are in many cases Ukrainian only in name. Led by Soviet officers, interspersed with Mongolian warriors, these bands come from Soviet territory with the distinct purpose of spreading unrest and confusion.

Soviet deserters, euphemistically called "Vlasov Soldiers," organize in groups and add to the growing chaos. Some of these "deserters" caught by the local populace declared indignantly that they cannot be arrested, because they have been ordered to hide in Poland and create unrest.

On top of this, the widespread and ruthless persecution of the Polish Peasant Party elements provokes the population, acting in self-defense, to desperate counter-measures.

All over Poland towns and villages are burning, regular battles are being fought, people die by the thousand, while 350,000 Red Army soldiers, 300,000 Żymierski troops, 200,000 members of the Internal Security Corps, an undisclosed number of citizens' militia and some 100,000 of the militia's voluntary reserve, stand guard.

When Mr. Mikolajczyk and some young foreign correspondents in Poland discuss the possibilities of a civil war, they are off the right track. The systematic destruction of a nation, provoked riots and sporadic acts of self-defense lack essential features of a civil war, even assuming an intensification of such a process.

As has been said, the Soviet-appointed Warsaw regime is achieving its primary objective. Soon the Kremlin will declare that Poland is not ripe for an independent existence and needs the protection of her mighty and tolerant Eastern Neighbor in the form of a symbiotic life within the frame of the fraternal Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics.

In the meantime the remnants of the Polish Patriots will be exterminated in continuous battles and in executions, thus closing the tragic circle started by the Soviets two years ago at the gates of Warsaw, when they at first encouraged the uprising and then betrayed and abandoned the defenders of the capital to their own fate, letting them die amidst the burning ruins.

"WHAT RECEIVES INSUFFICIENT ATTENTION"

10,000 JEWS SAVED BY POLES

A RECENT issue of the semi-monthly *Der Wecker*, official organ of the Jewish Socialist Verband in the United States, featured an article entitled "What Receives Insufficient Attention" by a Jewish journalist from Warsaw, Pinchos Schwarz. Mr. Schwarz is an outstanding Bund leader who was co-editor of the Jewish Daily Volkszeitung in Poland. He has also written several books including "Joseph Pilsudski and the Jewish Problem" and "This Was the Beginning," a story of the escape of 65 Polish journalists from Hitler's clutches.

In the above-mentioned article the author comes to the defense of the Poles who have often been unjustly attacked for alleged failure to aid the Jews during the German occupation. Citing numerous facts, Mr. Schwarz proves that a large portion of the Polish people aided and rescued Jews with complete self-sacrifice and often at the risk of life. He reports that more than 10,000 Jews were saved from slaughter at the hands of the Germans only thanks to the generous help of the Polish community.

"A few days ago," writes Mr. Schwarz, "I read a document of our epoch, of which Jews will be proud. In it a Jewish girl from Poland tells of her work in Warsaw's underground life from the summer of 1943 to that of 1944. She tells of saving many Jews with the aid of Christian documents. There are no superfluous words in this protocol, only bare facts. A gallery of figures who helped the girl in underground work is presented. This assistance often involved mortal danger. It consisted in building double walls, giving up one's own apartment to persecuted Jews, digging underground shelters under one's home, forging documents, etc. Among those who helped were also Christians. The protocol lists many Christians: a Christian servant who voluntarily followed her employers into the ghetto, feeding them out of her earnings; several Christian girls who hid Jews in their homes; a certain janitor, also a Christian, who was tortured to death by the Germans for hiding Jews.

"We are committing a great wrong," says Mr. Schwarz, "by talking so little about these heroic non-Jews who proved by their acts that brotherhood among people has not yet disappeared from the earth."

When a Bund delegation recently visited America, one of the delegates, Fiszbrun, told Mr. Schwarz about the help he had received during the German occupation from attorney Stopnicki in Warsaw, who had not only hidden him in his home after Fiszbrun's flight from prison with other comrades in misfortune, but had given him financial assistance. Later Fiszbrun became acquainted with the talented Polish artist, Lena Zelwerowicz, daughter of the outstanding actor, Zelwerowicz, who contacted him with the then leader of the underground Warsaw Bund in the ghetto, Maurycy Orzech. Further help was granted to Fiszbrun by the Warsaw journalists, Adam Obarski and Wiewiórski. Both of the latter worked in the Polish Assistance Committee in Warsaw and gave him a job in the Committee, thus making it possible for him to contact the leaders of the underground Bund, at great risk to themselves. It is characteristic that Wiewiórski was neither a Socialist nor a lover of Jews and yet he aided them and made sacrifices for them.

Fiszbrun names other Poles like Marek Arczyński, the widow of the Polish sports promoter Jerzy Michałowicz and a number of others who aided the Jewish Bund. The secret office of the Bund at 24 Żórawia Street in

Warsaw was installed in a Christian home.

Another of the Bund delegates from Poland, Jaszuński, saved himself, his wife and his two children only thanks to the aid of Poles in Wilno. When he got out of the ghetto by outwitting a guard, he was hidden by the director of the Wilno Historical Archives, Józef Stokowski. Along with 12 other Jews he remained for nine months in a secret room in back of the library. His food was brought in by a nun, Maria Mikulska, and by a mathematics teacher, Zemajtis, both of whom worked in the library. "These people risked their lives daily to save us," said Jaszuński.

Mr. Schwarz mentions a number of further instances of the saving of Jews. A relative of his, now in London, also remained alive with her child only thanks to the Christian families in Warsaw who took her in. A landowner couple near Wilno saved the life of a young Jewess, engaging her as a teacher for their children, even though they knew she was Jewish and even though they knew that the discovery of her nationality by the Germans would have tragic consequences for them.

"I might go on citing scores of such instances of which I have personal knowledge," Mr. Schwarz concludes. "If I, alone, have gathered so many of these facts, how many of them could one assemble by listening to the story of thousands of persons. Not so long ago interesting statistics were published on this subject—the statistics of 38,000 saved Jews, registered with the Jewish Committee in Lodz. It follows from them that 17% were saved thanks to Polish aid, while 10% were in hiding in forests and in partisan units. It is obvious that the latter remained alive only because the Poles furnished them with help and with food. In other words, out of 38,000 saved Jews, more than 10,000 were kept alive with Polish help. Tens of thousands of Poles had to aid in this work and that is a high figure. Hence there were tens and hundreds of thousands of non-Jews who helped save Jews. These facts should not be forgotten or passed over in silence. That is our debt of gratitude toward the noble people who saved our Jewish brethren at the risk of their own life."

During a press conference held in New York by General Tadeusz Bor-Komorowski on May 24, 1946, the Polish Commander-in-Chief and leader of the Warsaw Uprising made the following reply to a question on anti-Semitic demonstrations allegedly provoked by the remnants of the Polish Home Army:

"I can say what the attitude of the Home Army toward the Jews was while I was in Poland. There were Jewish soldiers and officers in its ranks. During the battles in the ghetto the Home Army sent materiel, food and ammunition to the Jews fighting inside the ghetto. To relieve the German pressure on the Jews, my men attacked the Germans who were attacking the ghetto. Those Jews who were able to escape from the ghetto were taken by us and secreted where no harm could come to them. Hundreds of our men were killed by the Germans for having aided or concealed Jews. The money which was sent by American Jews to the Polish Underground in Poland was distributed among the Jews, with whom the Underground had continuous contact and cooperated all along.

"Underground journals, many of which found their way to England, published death sentences decreed by the Underground upon people who they believed should be killed. Among them were two instances of death sentences pronounced upon Poles for having given Jews up to the Germans. These sentences were carried out. There were only two such instances because the Poles at all times cooperated with and helped the Jews. When in the course of the battle of Warsaw a number of Jews were released by the Underground, the vast majority volunteered to join our Army fighting in Warsaw. This attitude of the Polish people which I saw and felt while I was in Poland can have no reason for having changed today."

LEST WE FORGET: POLISH PARATROOPERS AT ARNHEM

by MAREK

SWIECICKI

Marek Swiecicki is a Polish war correspondent who was attached to the First Polish Parachute Brigade, which distinguished itself in the bitter fighting at Arnhem, Holland in September 1944.

The following passages from Mr. Swiecicki's book WITH THE RED DEVILS AT ARNHEM describe the evacuation of an untenable position during the week-long battle:

GENERAL URQUHART, Colonel Preston and several other staff officers came out from the commander's office. They were calm and carried canes. A young lieutenant with sad eyes and a melancholy smile on his face, in his shirt sleeves, his shirt dirty and sweaty, leaned against the door frame. The divisional doctor.

He was remaining behind, for the wounded were remaining. In a few hours he would be a prisoner, with his patients.

General Urquhart went up to him and took his hand: "Goodbye, doctor."

"Goodbye, sir."

The General saluted. We others stood at attention. At 10:45 we too slipped out of the hotel in the forest.

We were struck by a glaring, terrifying, crimson light. Everything all around us was on fire. The neighboring villages were blazing, the forest was blazing. Over our heads mortar shells burst, scattering thousands of pieces of shrapnel around us. The air was vibrating with the whistle and hiss of artillery shells. The fallen trees made our way difficult, branches entangled our feet, deep craters forced us to change our direction every minute or two, or to leap across and go round the road of our retreat.

We plunged into a shallow depression and could not stir a yard in any direction. We were framed by harrowing explosions, repeated with terrifying monotony always in the same spots. Our guide went on ahead, but a moment later he fell to the bottom of the hole, struck by shrapnel. Someone else took over the lead, but he shared his predecessor's fate.

"Should we stay there longer, or go on?" we all asked ourselves. Each could answer as he wished.

We jumped out in two's and three's and flew straight towards the ring of fire. We were driven on by blind instinct, not by prudence, not by foresight, nor by calculation. Another step, a couple of steps, and the spectral frame of fire was behind us.

After going on for some dozens of yards I ran into another group, then another and another. All the retreating force was split up into groups, which melted into one another, mingled and then separated again. I lost my own group at a turn in the path. I attached myself to another, only to lose that too, through taking shelter behind some bushes. I knew that whatever might be happening in front, whatever the strength of the barrier which the enemy might raise before

us, I could not lie down. I could not remain still! For a moment I recalled that the Poles with men of the Dorsetshire Regiment, sent across to our side of the river the previous day, were covering our retreat. That they must be lying down under still heavier fire, were waiting. And that must be horribly unpleasant.

Then I ran on again.

Now there was no one in front of me, so I halted. But I was wrong. Several men extended under fallen trees were waiting for the fire before us to slacken a little. I lay down behind the last man, but the group went on waiting and waiting. Others passed us, others ran through, but these went on lying. So I caught the soldier next to me by the shoulder:

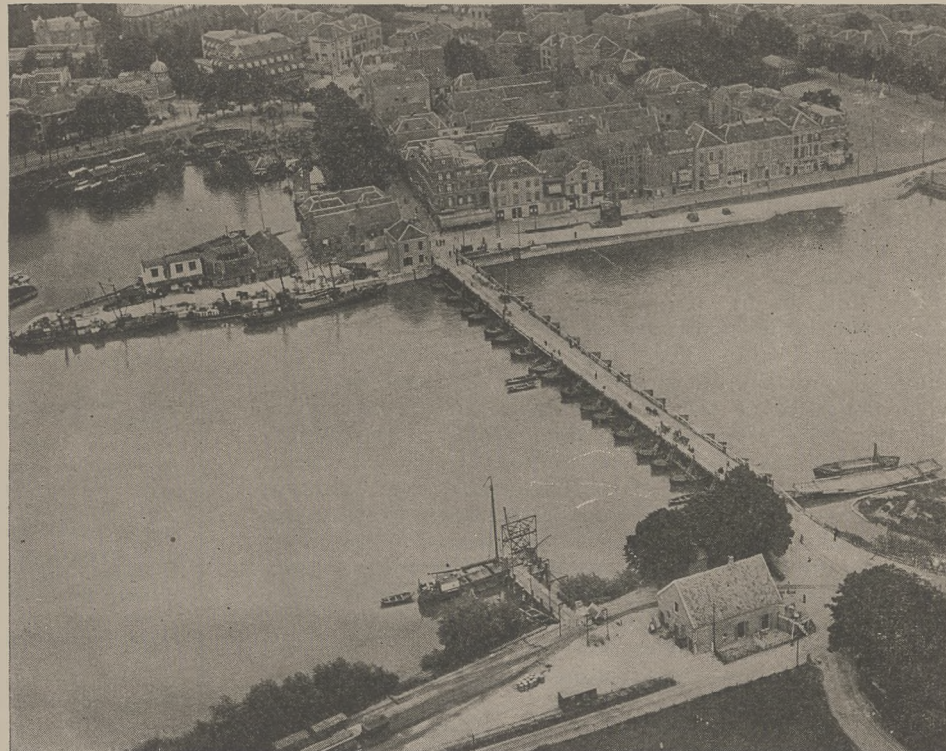
"Get up, get up!" I shouted.

But he slipped stiffly through my fingers. The man in front of him was the same. These men would never get up. The trees beneath which they had fallen marked the last bound of their journeying.

I flew past a crossroad, then the burning houses of Oosterbeek. Now I was in the meadow, I rolled like a ball down a slope, the mud squelched in my boots, mud flowed down my face, mud mixed with sweat and blood. Not my blood, but of those I had tried to raise from the dead.

Men were lying and cows were running on the very edge of the river. The cows were terrified. They galloped about in herds, fell on the men, fought among themselves.

And over the river flew machine-gun fire. Light shells of crimson, violet, yellow and blue. A bouquet of such lights came flying in our direction. I fell on the ground and searched for something under which to take cover. Someone's hand stretched out to me from beneath a dead



Aerial view of Arnhem, Holland, as the historic city on the Rhine looked before it was destroyed during the furious fighting between the Germans and the Allies in September 1944.

cow. A hand seized me firmly by my overall and dragged me closer.

"There's room for us both, friend," someone whispered.

I crawled under the cow, huddled against the dark form and lay still for several seconds, or maybe minutes, which seemed years.

"But how your heart's beating!" my friendly neighbor remarked. "You shouldn't get too worked up."

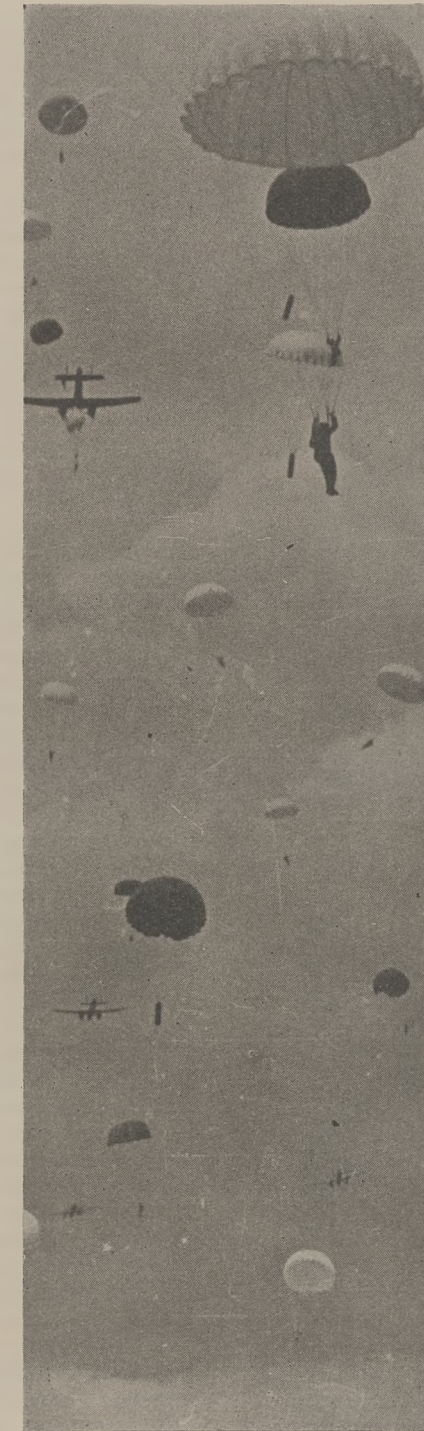
Involuntarily I smiled.

A burst of machine-gun fire came together in a bouquet, and something caught alight in the middle of the river. Probably a boat hit by accurate mortar fire. Right above us things had quietened down a little, so we ran along the bank. Hundreds of men were squatting in the mud, and more men were arriving all the time. But the Germans now shifted their fire from the forest, from the road, from Oosterbeek, and dropped it on the bank. The shells tore into the gray, huddled mass of men, and there was no shelter from them. One could only have faith in one's destiny, in one's luck.

"The trajectory of a shell takes the form of a parabola," I recalled scraps of definitions. At that moment I could see thousands of light shells describing regular parabolas. One could tell in advance where each of those shells would fall. Death was flying above us, and we saw that death. It was as colorful as the picture of some fantastic legend, as some Disney Silly Symphony. And because of its color, because of the multitude of tints, because of the roar and the hiss and the whistle, this death was unusually menacing: for it deprived one of strength before it killed, it paralyzed before it arrived.

Every few dozen yards glider pilots stood on the bank. Our "iron guard." They directed the crowd of men, allocated groups to the approaching boats, mentally registered further groups as they came up.

"Here's the queue," a stocky, ginger-whiskered captain standing in front of us said in a very quiet, steady voice, and he pointed to a small sector of the bank, only a few yards long.



Polish paratroopers.

"That man's like a body in the middle of Oxford Circus," I thought.

"Don't panic, don't panic!" the captain repeated incessantly.

But there wasn't any sign of panic, only perfect order. Irreproachable discipline. At every step there was exemplary, touching brotherhood. The evacuation was proceeding according to plan.

When my turn came I waded up to my waist through the water, climbed into the boat, seized an oar, and rowed. For a moment I had a delusory feeling of security, but then the fire again shifted to fly over our heads, to hunt and pursue us, until right under the opposite, the safe southern bank of the river a solid fragment tore into the back of the boat. We fell out, swam a couple of yards and then, at last . . .

At last? Well, not quite. When I crawled up the riverside embankment on that farther side I realized that here, too, shells were falling. Far, fewer, truly . . . But here they came!

It was raining (though it might have been raining all the time, and I simply hadn't noticed it). The road was narrow, filled with holes and craters. A short, sturdy British soldier briskly stamped along with his muddy boots clattering on the pitted asphalt. I could not see his face, but I recognized his voice. Not so much recognized it, as tried to recall where I had heard it before. Ah, now I remembered. It was he who dragged me under the dead cow. And he had said that my heart was beating hard.

"Thank you," I said to him. "What's your name?"

"Martin. I'm a Scotsman. From Perth. What's yours?"

"I'm a Polish war correspondent, but I don't suppose you could pronounce my name."

"Fine! So you must know Scotland."

"Of course I do."

"Ever been in Perth?"

"Yes."

"And in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Falkirk, Cupar?"

We walked farther and farther away from Arnhem. And we talked continually about Scotland.

"A GREAT INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE TO POLAND"

(Continued from page 2)

in their drive westwards. It was under the guidance of that Polish constitutional government that the heroes of the Polish Underground fought for sixty-three days in the Battle of Warsaw, tying up considerable German forces and thus helping once again the Russian offensive.

It is true that President Roosevelt wanted this government to participate in the formation of a new government

in liberated Poland. Some of the members of that Polish government who spent the entire war in Poland miraculously performing their duties as an Underground Cabinet, agreed to reveal themselves to the Russian authorities in the hope of coming to terms. They revealed themselves with full knowledge of our own and British authorities but they were caught in a trap and were (Please turn to page 14)

AMERICAN AND POLISH PRIMITIVE PAINTING – SOME COMPARISONS

by DR. IRENA PIOTROWSKA



Czartoryski Museum in Cracow.

Polish Peddler Selling Folk Paintings. Watercolor by Jean Pierre Norblin (1745-1830), French painter, resident in Poland from 1774-1804.

NOT so long ago in America as in Poland, manifestations of primitive art were ignored by the critics. Here as there, only mature art, produced by artists with some degree of academy training, was thought worth studying. However, in the last three decades, a decisive change has taken place in the approach to art in both countries. Many paintings—by simple, uneducated people who knew nothing of contemporary art trends—have been rescued from oblivion: works by people who felt an irresistible urge to paint and who at times showed astonishing talent; works primitive in form but refreshing in sincerity, and by no means devoid of artistic value.

As is well known, the awakening of appreciation of the primitive was closely connected with the birth of Cubism, Expressionism, and other anti-naturalistic trends toward the beginning of this century. Somewhat later art critics, following in the footsteps of the artists, began to enlarge the artists' discoveries through systematic research. And they have realized in a short time that primitive art is not confined only to peoples of relatively low cultural level, but that primitive art manifestations may be detected in the art of all nations, no matter how civilized.

Americans, who have discovered primitives of their own, are naturally anxious to get acquainted with the primitive trends in the art of other nations. It is this tendency that prompts me to draw comparisons between American and Polish primitive paintings, to point to similarities as well as to differences. It is a recognized fact that the art of certain countries

at similar stages of cultural development shows striking resemblances that cannot be accounted for by reciprocal influences. This is particularly true of primitive art when analyzed from a purely aesthetic viewpoint. Primitive art forms, natural, original, and rudimentary, are to some extent indigenous to man and occur wherever primitive art makes its appearance. But in spite of this similarity between various manifestations of primitive art, there are also differences, traceable to social customs, religion, and other non-aesthetic reasons.

Folk painting has existed in America since colonial days and—according to Jean Lipman, author of *American Primitive Painting* (Oxford University Press, 1942)—reached its highest development after 1790, in response to the growing demands of the middle class settlers, artisans, and farmers. By 1875 it began to decline rapidly under pressure of modern industrialism.

In Poland—as analyzed by this writer in an illustrated article on the “Problems of Early Seventeenth Century Polish Painting” (*Quarterly Bulletin of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America*, April 1943) it was in the early 17th century that paintings of a popular character first began to gain importance. They were produced by city guilds, that for some time previously had been deprived of the patronage of the wealthy who became

more and more interested in foreign art. While 17th-century religious paintings of the guilds were to a large extent primitive in style, they were marked by a naive yet refreshing sincerity of expression. As time went on, foreign painting, and Polish painting influenced thereby, was so sought after by the Polish upper classes that the “popular” painting of the guilds was driven from larger cities to small provincial towns and even to the peasants' homesteads. There it met with full understanding from the common people; so much so, that it began to spread and bloom. This Polish folk painting, like that of America, reached its height during the early 19th century, and like that of America was almost killed by the machine age as the last century drew to its close. However, in both countries, primitive folk painting never ceased to exist and even today interesting



The Museum of Modern Art in New York.

The Quilting Party. American Folk Painting. Oil on Wood. 1840-1850.

and set up a workshop. To reach his clients, he sent someone out to sell his paintings in neighboring villages, or at fairs, or popular places of pilgrimage like Częstochowa, where the medieval *Miraculous Image of Our Lady* drew thousands upon thousands of pilgrims every year.

Naturally enough, at such places the faithful were anxious to buy paintings of the miraculous images they saw in the churches. Thus Polish folk painting was largely religious in character, while the iconoclastic bent of the early American Puritans prevented a development of religious art in the greater part of this country. That

does not mean, however, that lay folk painting was non-existent in Poland, or that religious primitives were never produced in the East of the United States. The fact remains that the former excelled in religious folk painting, the latter in secular art, each at times creating primitive masterpieces also in the less developed branches of their popular art.

Such a religious masterpiece of American folk art is a Crucifixion entitled *The True Cross*, executed in oil on canvas, found in Pennsylvania, dating from 1790 to 1800, owned by the Museum of Modern Art in New York. According to Holger Cahill, who analyzes this painting in his *American Folk Art—The Art of the Common Man in America, 1750-1900*. (The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1932), the technique of the painter was probably based on memories of tapestries he

had seen. Let us add that so was doubtless the general arrangement of the scene showing the three crosses against a landscape background. But the deeply expressive quality of the picture is the folk artist's own. The contrasting black and white clouds in the sky, the treatment of the faces, and the vivid movements of the many figures give a splendid rendering of the unrest and the weird atmosphere of the moment. Only Christ himself, dying on the *True Cross*, is calm and serene.

This painting, in all its dramatic intensity, is very near to many a *Crucifixion* created in Poland about the same time by folk artists, who preferred, at that period, not to paint but to engrave on woodblock. Like the American *True Cross*, these Polish folk *Crucifixions* were memory-images of pictures seen previously, and like the American painting, they often bear inscriptions relating to the subject represented. These inscriptions point to the fact that the inner content of the picture was of primary importance to its creator. The folk artists, both Polish and American, while creating their holy images, sought above all to express themselves and were not greatly concerned with outer form as such. They paid little heed to accuracy of proportion, anatomical structure, or perspective. Creating his painting or woodcut, the folk artist sacrificed everything to the expression of his feelings. Form was only a means to that end.

In spite of the drawbacks of his primitive form, many a talented self-taught artist has been able to convey his feelings to those who saw his work, whether uneducated art lovers or modern art patrons. This may be proved not only by his religious art productions, but also by many lay paintings.

(Please turn to page 10)



The Ethnographic Museum in Cracow.

The Wedding. Polish Folk Painting. Oil on Canvas. By O. Czajka. 19th Century.



Mistletoe. Fragment of a Polish Folk Painting. Oil on Canvas. 19th Century.

AMERICAN AND POLISH PRIMITIVE PAINTING—SOME COMPARISONS

(Continued from page 9)

An epic narrative style prevails in scenes having important family or community happenings as their subject. In that respect *The Quilting Party*, in oil on wood, 1840-50 owned by the Museum of Modern Art in New York, has its counterparts in the *Betrothal* and the *Wedding*, painted by a certain O. Czajka in oil on canvas and owned by the Ethnographic Museum in Cracow. The exact date of these last two pictures is unknown.

In America as in Poland painted portraits were in great demand before the advent of photography. In provincial towns and on farms they were supplied chiefly by itinerant portraitists. However, while in America portraiture provided the most extensive field of popular art, in Poland it was strongly overshadowed by religious painting. Yet if we compare the few Polish portraits, painted by self-taught artists, that have been judged worthy to be included in histories of Polish painting, with the very numerous popular portraits reproduced and analyzed by American art critics, here also a certain similarity is noticeable in the approach of the folk artists of both countries to portraiture. Their chief aim was the faithful rendering of the features, as well as of contemporary hairdress and attire. Their attitude is strikingly akin to that of provincial portrait carvers of the old Roman Empire. Moreover, both in America and Poland the contours of the portraits are painted with precision, and the figures are flat, because no attempt was made to render the enveloping atmosphere nor to achieve any subtler effects of light and shade.

While American popular landscapes belong to the most beautiful of all known primitives, in Polish folk art, landscape is rarely to be encountered. However, the few Polish folk landscapes that are known prove that attempts in that direction by Polish popular artists brought fine results. If the invasion of Poland in 1939 had not put an abrupt end to studies by Polish scholars in the field of Polish popular painting, no doubt many an interesting surprise would have rewarded their efforts. So far, the most valuable contribution to the history of the 19th-century folk painting in Poland was made by Tadeusz Seweryn whose work on *Polish Folk Painting* appeared in



Pawlikowski Library in Lwow.

Crucifixion. Polish Woodcut. Signed M. B. 18th Century.

1937, and as regards woodcut, by Władysław Skoczylas who published his *Folk Woodcut in Poland* in 1933.

It is to be regretted that in Poland no study has been made of the drawings of young ladies in boarding schools, for, as in America, they practiced painting in addition to embroidery. At present it is impossible to say whether in this field of artistic endeavor of the early 19th century, Poland has anything akin in character and conception to the arrangements of fruit and flowers, painted by American girls and women on velvet, some of which deserve to rank with the most beautiful pieces of amateur art in this country.

Still, even these few comparisons suffice to show that whenever American or Polish artists of undoubted talent but no academy training have treated similar subjects, their artistic results were very much the same, with a few exceptions being based on an emotional, intellectual, and non-visual approach that is characteristic of all primitive art.

But notwithstanding the fundamental aesthetic similarities in popular art of America and Poland, the fact that in the United States folk artists were chiefly given to lay painting, and in Poland to religious art, must not be underestimated as to its consequences. The epic narrative element that predominates in American popular paintings has its complementary in the sober objectivity and the sense of fact which distinguish the fully mature American paintings, as created, for instance, by the 19th century realists, headed by Homer and Eakins, and by their many noble successors of the 20th century. In Poland, it is the expressive, lyrical quality that became an integral part of her painting of an academical standing. Even the late 19th and early 20th century Polish landscapes are imbued with feeling.



The Museum of Modern Art in New York.

The True Cross. American Folk Painting. Oil on Canvas. 1790-1800.

Reprinted from the Quarterly Bulletin of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, April, 1944

Polish Airmen's Memorial Planned at Northolt

In connection with the proposed erection of a memorial at Northolt, England, to commemorate the heroic Polish fighter pilots who fought and died to save Great Britain from defeat in the years when England's future seemed dark and when there was as yet no talk of selling Poland down the river, Col. Jerzy Bajan, Polish ace and Commander of the Polish Fighter Air Force in Great Britain since 1943, broadcast an address to his fellow countrymen in Poland on May 26, 1946. With typical perversion of the truth, the Warsaw Radio announced on June 21 that Col. Bajan had addressed a pre-referendum rally in Poland.

Below is the radio speech made by Col. Bajan over B.B.C.:

I AM taking advantage of the hospitality of the British Broadcasting Corporation to tell the Poles in Poland and all over the world about the project of honoring Polish fighter pilots who gave up their lives for Poland—fighting in Great Britain.

When we said good-bye to Warsaw's Okęcie airport in September 1939, we were leaving behind the smoke of our besieged capital and the specter of defeat. But less than a year later, Polish fighter pilots again had their own airfield on British soil, in England. In less than a year they were again defending Warsaw, again fighting for Poland—although at that time the glow of blazing London lighted their way. That airfield was Northolt, the legendary air base of Squadron 303.

The fighter squadron station at Northolt, today a great civilian port of the Empire's commercial aviation, was in the days of the historic battle for Great Britain one of the first airfields of London's defense and simultaneously was for us fighter pilots, the Polish Okęcie on British soil.

From September 1939 I had not seen Warsaw, from September I had not been in Poland and yet I grew attached to it like the others. By its verdancy it reminded me of Okęcie. By its flowers of Mokotów in the spring. And this airfield became our home.

From it took off the pilots of Squadron 303 on their first combat mission and their first victories. Taking off from it, such outstanding fighter pilots as Lt. Col. Gabszewicz, Major Skalski, Lt. Col. Urbanowicz, Capt. Horbaczewski and many others won their air spurs and fame.

The Northolt airfield soon became synonymous with Polish wings. It became the nest of Polish fighter pilots. During the long years of war all our daylight fighter squadrons passed through this airfield. Recreated on British soil according to Polish tradition, these squadrons bore British numbers, but kept their Polish names:

Squadron 302—Poznań
Squadron 303—Kościeszko
Squadron 306—Toruń
Squadron 308—Cracow
Squadron 309—Red Ruthenia

Squadron 315—Dęblin
Squadron 316—Warsaw
Squadron 317—Wilno

The night fighter Squadron 307 (Lwow Screech-Owls) and Squadron 318 (Gdańsk) were unfortunately not stationed at Northolt. Squadron 307 was linked with the town of Exeter, which by a strong coincidence has the same armorial device as Lwów in its coat of arms—"Semper Fidelis."

In addition to its fine history of victories, the Polish Air Force at Northolt has also recorded a long list of fallen airmen, who, taking off from this airfield did not return from their combat flights, dying in their battles for Poland. From here took off on his last flight Lt. Col. Piotr Laguna, leader of a fighter group, and another group leader, Major Pisarek, also Major Henneberg and the Czech pilot serving under the Polish colors, Sergeant Frantisek—posthumously named an officer, and many,

many others. From here took off on May 15, 1943 the late Col. Stefan Pawlikowski, first leader of the fighter air force, never to return. From here took off young men and old, victors of the September campaign and victors of the Battle of Britain—they died or won under the same sky and in the same, most sacred Cause.

But the number of air victories far exceeded the losses. For the 224 fighter pilots who died in air battles, the Polish fighter air force shot down 761 Luftwaffe planes for certain, with 177 probables, and 253 damaged. Including the September campaign in Poland and the air battles over France, Polish fighter pilots shot down 957 German planes for certain, with 196 probables and 280 damaged.

Yesterday an open letter from Royal Air Marshal Viscount Portal was read over the Polish section of the B. B. C. In this letter, paying tribute to the air victories of Polish fighters, he appealed to the people of Britain for contributions toward a memorial to fallen Polish fighter pilots.

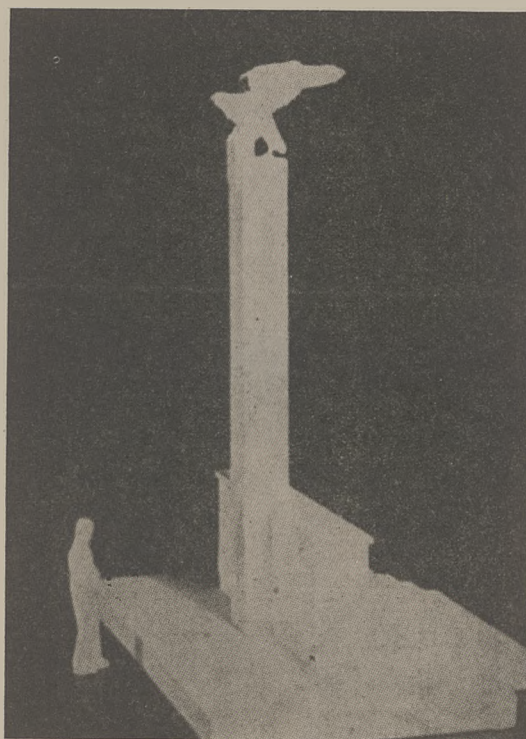
The memory of the living and their fame will remain with them. To remember the dead is the duty of the living.

That is why on the historic airfield of Northolt, an airfield so very Polish in its tradition of battle, there will soon stand a monument honoring the Polish airmen fallen in the battles in the skies of Great Britain.

It will stand in front of the air station headquarters facing the landing field. It will overlook the hangars, the airfield, the runways—whence took off those whose names will be engraved on this monument: the fallen Polish fighter pilots.

If God ever permits us to return to the Poland which lives in our hearts, this monument will remain on British soil as a symbol of air combat, as a symbol of love and sacrifice. It will guard forever the memory of those—the Fallen—to whom it was not given to return.

This modest memorial monument raised by the joint effort of the living—fellow pilots and the British people.



Model of Polish Airmen's Monument at Northolt, England, designed by the Polish sculptor Lubelski.

What The Reviewers Say About SILENT IS THE VISTULA*

"Irena Orska tells her story with a simple vividness that needs no garnishing. We get to know and like the people she worked with. We see them die horribly, one after the other. It is a hideous story, yet fraught with radiant courage. It is a story where it would be impossible to spare the reader the terrible details of festering wounds, rat-eaten corpses, of the carnage among Boy and Girl Scouts, and of those never-to-be-forgotten trips back and forth through the filth of city sewers. Yet that flame of determination for freedom, which burned in these patriots and made such endurance possible, keeps the reader breathlessly turning the pages. Personally, I do not regret that I read this eye-witness account. I hope it may act as a balance-wheel in these days when our own deprivation is in terms of butter and nylons. It must go on record as an authentic chapter in world history."

—BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS

"Madame Orska, a simple human being, tells her story without pretensions, concealing neither fright, tears nor fatigue. Like the others about whom she writes, the soldiers and nurses and young scouts, she was able to keep going, to give herself so unstintingly and to endure the engulfing horrors only because of her patriotism. More than home or family, more than life itself, Poles have been taught, on the tough rack of their national history, to love their country. Nothing less than this extraordinary passion could have sustained them."

"*Silent Is the Vistula* is not a book for the squeamish, nor for the sceptical—such as those who refused to believe, in the autumn of 1939, what the blitzkrieg had done to Poland. In this book nothing is spared the reader. The stench of the slimy sewers through which so many members of the Home Army had to crawl from one side of the city to the other, the sight of bloody stumps and wounds exuding maggots, of decomposing bodies, of the emaciated old and ailing and the grim babies on the cellar floors, the burning fatigue of sleepless hours, the confusion of street-to-street grappling with the enemy—such sights and smells and sounds, which tore at the nerves of the Warsaw patriots, are all present in the book for us, who live safely in our homes, to try to fathom."

"Most of those with whom Madame Orska fought during those August days are gone; but some, such as the little boy who went out to dig up bricks in the street under German fire, the frail, doll-like girl who swam the Vistula by night among the popping guns to bring a message from the farther side, and the youth, Janosik, who stole vegetables, men's shirts, and even a hog from under the Germans' noses, who manned one of the few Polish machine guns, and whose blood, when at last he was blown to pieces, Barbarka had to mop up from the Red Cross station floor—these and the others whom she brings so clearly to life in her descriptions can never die completely, for her readers will remember them."

"There were other underground fighters in Nazi Europe, other uprisings, such as the one in Paris which led the American forces to change their plans and hasten to the rescue; but there was no other battle in which ill-fed, scantily clad and almost unarmed citizens not only attacked the conquerors but went on fighting when all hope was lost, even when it became clear that their friends on the other side of the silent Vistula would let them die."

"An eighteen-year-old youth, speaking with Madame Orska about the tragedy, said quietly: 'If not for us, then for our children.' With these words he voiced the indomitable spirit which Madame Orska's book reveals."

—NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW

"The tragedy of man's efforts to be free is crystallized in *Silent Is the Vistula*. When Hegel wrote that 'the history of the world is none other than the progress of consciousness of freedom,' he was foretelling the Battle of Warsaw that is so vividly and despairingly described by Mme. Orska in these pages. It is from the travails and struggle of daily fighting, such as is set down in this volume, that the materials for the history of World War II will be gathered. This is a tragic tale of frustrated, prayerful hope, of human emotions torn asunder by sanguinary scenes, of faith carrying on despite the certainty of failure, of growing hatreds nurtured anew almost every living moment, of selflessness and the sharing of one's own sustenance with others in the face of dying death in buried cellars or living death in German camps. It is a grand, stirring, brave, inspiring tale of man's indomitable will to retain his rights as man."

"Mme. Orska does not lose the continuity of her story despite the speed and barrage-like movements of the action that takes place. The story moves rapidly, excitingly, and tenderly. It is a fascinating, earnest book."

—SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

"The best of the innumerable war stories have been written from the heart and not from the mind. Such a one is *Silent Is the Vistula*, the first story to come out of shattered Poland."

—UNITED PRESS RED LETTER

"The book is tense with the action of men, women, and children, who crowded whole lives into a few hours of desperate effort. It tells the kind of thing that men who have taken part in such actions seem reluctant to talk about. Mme. Orska tells it, perhaps, for two reasons: (1) to record the valor of her people; (2) to remind them of what the Germans did and Russians did not do."

"To us, the Warsaw Uprising was tense news in the newspapers. To them, it was a people justifying themselves in deeds of heroism. This book brings it close."

—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"The narrative reads dramatically with ever rising emotion and suspense. The day by day events captivate the reader with the love, humor, fearlessness, indomitable courage, grandeur, and death experienced by the gallant people of the gallant city of Warsaw. Personal safety or comforts were not considered during the 63 day siege, for the people of Warsaw were convinced of the righteousness of their cause."

"The style of Irena Orska moves with simple dignity and sincerity."

—THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"Mme. Orska's book is primarily a personal narrative. She tells us of the people whom she knew best. We come to know them ourselves and to watch their misery with the greater concern because of our second-hand familiarity with them. We see many of them die; others we see wounded, separated from their families, seized by the Nazis. On almost every page there is a heart-breaking incident; for example, that of the dying grandmother surrounded by five small, hungry, dirty, whimpering grandchildren whose parents have been killed."

"As with these ill-fated people, so too with Warsaw. The author's love of her own city, her pride in it, these are communicated to the reader. And he shares her grief as it is pulverized, as its ancient monuments disappear, as, after the defeat, what remains of the city is deliberately dynamited by the Nazis. Warsaw—now but a glorious name in history."

"The savagery of the Nazis is demonstrated a hundred times over, in a score of ways. Their crime against the Poles is almost beyond the possibility of expiation in this life. But their guilt is not the only guilt to be assessed. As Poland's contemporary Calvary began with the cooperation of Stalin, so was it consummated. The insurrection, let us never forget, took place at the instance of the Soviets. The Soviet forces were, when the insurrection took place, but a stone's throw away. Red planes were only a few minutes' flying distance from the heart of Warsaw. But there was complete silence from beyond the Vistula, and no supplies were dropped by the Red air force until the last day or two of the protracted struggle. Then what supplies were dropped proved utterly useless because no parachutes were used in their descent."

"The Soviets put every obstacle in the way of British and American help to Warsaw. They refused to allow American planes bringing supplies to the city to land in Soviet-held territory, insisting that relief planes make a non-stop trip to and from bases in France."

"When finally the Soviet artillery and planes opened fire, it was at the very end of the battle, and they then bombed only the camp in which the captured Poles were held and the railway station from which non-combatants were trying to get out of the city. In other words, the Reds were still helping the Nazis and hurting the Poles."

—THE CATHOLIC TRANSCRIPT

"The uprising, it will be remembered, was organized by the Polish Home Army, the equivalent of resistance groups elsewhere, at a time when there was an ebb in the fortunes of the Nazis and the Poles were fully confident that it was a matter of days before the Soviet armies would march in. It was the Polish idea that they would weaken the Germans and prepare the ground for the expected Russians, whose allies they considered themselves to be."

"But in spite of the gallant resistance the Poles put up for weeks, during which their position grew increasingly desperate, the Russians did not come to their rescue. Indeed, the suspicion developed among them that the Russians were deliberately letting them down."

"This is the first full story of the heroic resistance the Poles put up during those weeks in August and September, written by a woman who took an active part. How she survived so strenuous and frightening an ordeal is little short of a miracle, for she was in the thick of the fighting and her duties called for first aid to the wounded. The resistance was costly. The Poles were poorly armed, and they could offer little or no defense against the strafing German planes."

"People lived in dark cellars, wholly without daylight; yet they managed somehow to exist. Being a religious people, they erected underground chapels, where they might worship. But on the fifteenth day, with the expected succor from the Russians growing remote, the author asked: 'Had God forgotten us?' Being a woman, she would weep: 'The greatness of our faith and the smallness of our hope made me cry.'

"This tragic story is, in its way, a symbol of Poland, that Poland which is wedged in between Germany and Russia. In those days the Germans called the Poles communists and the Russians called them Fascists. The story concludes with the capture of Mme. Orska by the Germans and her conveyance to the Prison camp at Pruszkow, where mercifully she was joined before long by her 13-year-old daughter Barbarka. Eventually she left Poland as the wife of an American citizen on the exchange ship Gripsholm, and landed in this country early in 1945. An unforgettable story this, excellently translated by Marta Erdman."

—THE NEW YORK SUN

*SILENT IS THE VISTULA. The story of the Warsaw Uprising. By Irena Orska. Translated from the Polish by Marta Erdman. 275 pp. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$3.



Memories of Warsaw: *Blizzard in the Old City Square*. Watercolor by Bronislaw Kopczynski.

BACKING POLAND'S FIGHT FOR LIFE*

IF AMERICAN readers could have seen the eloquent eyes of the young Polish woman in Wermelskirchen, they would understand why the Unitarian Service Committee is so eager to expand its work constantly. If only they could have experienced the wordless gratitude shown in the faces of other exiled and homeless Poles there—a thankfulness that choked the throat—then they might comprehend the satisfaction that comes in giving health and hope to people who long have lacked both.

Hitler's air force and panzers had blotted out Polish resistance in three whirlwind weeks of September, 1939, and filled the roads with fleeing refugees and his labor camps with fresh slaves. Ever since that year, thousands of Poles, torn from their native land, had struggled to bring up their families—unless they had lost all track of them—and somehow had fed and clothed themselves in alien countries. Sickness and death had stalked them, and they had lost faith in mankind and in themselves.

Uncounted hundreds of them were in Germany when V-E Day came. In that section of the Ruhr that is now in the British Zone under the military government of Opladen, those who were in need of hospitalization could go to the revamped schoolhouse in Wermelskirchen which had become a hospital—but the place had a bad name; they avoided it if they possibly could. All the

staff was German and the doctor in charge had been an SS man. It was natural they should fear to put themselves into such hands.

Then, on April 2, 1946, the hospital was taken over by the Polish medical team of the Unitarian Service Committee, working under UNRRA. All the doctors of the team were Polish. The word got around. The number of patients increased 30 percent within a month.

The three days of Easter make up one of the important Polish holidays. Members of the mission arranged 800 glowing red tulips around the hospital and decorated every room. According to an ancient Polish custom, each ward had a nest of leaves filled with colorful Easter eggs that had been blessed by a Polish priest. To the homeless Poles, who had met nothing but contempt for their race and customs among the Nazis, the sudden realization that there were people who had sympathy and respect for their old traditions and who wished to be friendly, made them overwhelmingly grateful. This simple act built up that intricate complex called morale more than any medicine could have done.

It was then that the young Polish woman found words. She said to Mrs. Tonia Lechtmann, a member of the Unitarian team, in a voice low and throbbing with emotion, "After what you have done for us, the Germans will see now that we have our own beautiful traditions,

(Please turn to page 15)

* Reprinted with permission from *The Christian Register* (Unitarian), July, 1946.

"A GREAT INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE TO POLAND"

(Continued from page 7)

shipped to Moscow where one of the typical bolshevik "show trials" was arranged at which they were sentenced and put in prison. Our Secretary of State, Mr. Stettinius, and the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Eden, raised their voices at the San Francisco Conference on behalf of these true leaders of the Polish nation, but soon we abandoned their case. The late Harry Hopkins, accompanied by a minor official of our State Department, Mr. Charles E. Bohlen, went to Moscow and promptly agreed to the creation of a "government" which all available evidence describes as a group of Moscow trained communist agents, Soviet citizens, adventurers and "social engineers" who with Mr. Hopkins' and Mr. Bohlen's blessing embarked on the adventure of sovietizing Poland.

The Yalta agreements kept our hands tied. There was nothing we could do at that time and we had to recognize this hand-picked group of foreign agents as a "government of Poland." No shame was spared us, and the President of the United States had a most unpleasant duty to perform: — At the White House he had to accept credentials from a man posing as the ambassador of Poland, a man who only two years earlier disclaimed "all allegiance to foreign princes and potentates" and took the oath of allegiance to the United States accepting the high honor of becoming a citizen in our country. It is the same man who, while a citizen of the United States, travelled to Moscow, went into a huddle with Joseph V. Stalin and emerged as a champion of the cause of enslavement of his former country by a foreign country. I do not want to mention his name speaking before this distinguished Body. But I want to say this: The acceptance of the appointment of a naturalized American citizen as ambassador of a foreign country is unique in our history, and, in my opinion, Soviet Russia purposely selected him in order to humiliate us and to prove to the world that Americans would take anything!

Having thus delivered Poland into the hands of its oppressors, and having our hands tied by the secret deals made at Yalta, we are now witnessing the onward march of Soviet Russian forces and making only a few futile gestures of dissatisfaction, we have to accept the virtual incorporation into Russia of states like Yugoslavia, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Austria, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

Mr. Speaker, the time has come to find out who is responsible for the fact that the United States has been dealing on its knees with Soviet Russia. Mr. Speaker, I take the liberty of introducing to the House the following Resolution:

RESOLVED, that the Speaker of the House of Representatives is hereby authorized to appoint a Special Committee of Investigation of the circumstances, proceedings and results of the Crimea Conference.

(1) It shall be the duty of the Special Committee to conduct a comprehensive study of all phases of the preparation, conduct and execution of the agreements reached at the Crimea Conference, and particularly of agreements dealing with rights of foreign countries, territorial changes and changes in existing obligations of the United States towards foreign countries.

(2) For the purpose of carrying out this Resolution a Special Committee or any Sub-Committee thereof is authorized to sit and act during the present Congress at such times and places within or outside the United States, whether or not the House is sitting, has recessed or has adjourned, to hold such hearings, to require the attendance of such witnesses and the production of such

books, papers and documents, and to take such testimony as it deems necessary. Subpoenas may be issued over the signature of the Chairman of the Special Committee or any member designated by him, and may be served by any person designated by such Chairman or Member.

(3) The findings and recommendations of the Special Committee shall be embodied in a report to the House (or to the Clerk of the House if the House is not in session.)

(4) The first interim report of the Special Committee should be made within sixty days after the date of passage of this Resolution and the final report should be made on or before December 31, 1946.

This desperate situation in Poland continues. Now the much discussed referendum has been held. If it were not so tragic I would call it a farce. Why do I speak? What concern is it of a member of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress? Ah, Mr. Speaker, who should be more concerned than a Member of this House? Every fiber in my being cries out against this shameful treatment of Poland and at every opportunity I shall keep this matter before the Congress and the American people.

Mr. Speaker, all during this session of the 79th Congress, which will go down into history known as "the Victory Congress" I have been the spokesman for the brave people of the true Poland and of their millions of friends in the United States, in whose veins flows the proud blood of Polish ancestry. I felt that coming from one who is not of Polish blood, these pleas and these arguments of mine would receive closer and more widespread attention since they could not be branded as prejudice. I speak only from the bottom of my heart, because of my deep concern in behalf of downtrodden peoples and minority groups everywhere. But, Mr. Speaker, I was born and raised in the hard coal fields of Pennsylvania, in the County of Luzerne, with men and women of Polish ancestry as my friends, school mates and neighbors since childhood. I know how deep in their hearts is the deep and abiding love and affection for the land of their ancestors, which is exceeded only by their great patriotism as one hundred percent American citizens.

A great injustice has been done to Poland. A great injustice has been done to these Americans of Polish ancestry. I know how they think and I know how they feel. They are sad and disillusioned and becoming bitter. I do not dwell upon the horrors that occurred in Poland — words cannot describe the full extent of those tragic events. But as an American citizen and as a member of this Honorable Body, I feel that this is the proper forum to use, for this is the sounding board of the last great democratic and free assemblage on earth. Where, if not here, can I plead the cause of Poland and the cause of the Four Freedoms and the Rights of Man.

Mr. Speaker, may I paraphrase the words eloquently spoken in behalf of another much abused people and let me say—if I were a sculptor I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it a Pole sacrificing his life and his liberty upon the altar of his homeland. If I were a poet I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song; I would wring the heart of humanity with my sad and mournful tale. But if I were a painter, Mr. Speaker, I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of as brave a race as ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer; and whose loyalty and devotion to the hopes and dreams of a free and independent government no tyrant can ever crush; and I would call that picture "Poland."

(July 24, 1946)

EFFECTS OF THE YALTA DECISION

(Continued from page 3)

his recent New York speech, frankly admitted that the Allies gave these countries to Russia, and expressed surprise that Russia has since asked for more.

No Allied representatives are allowed in these countries, so Russia has free rein. She is making all the political, religious, social and economic changes she wishes and the Allies must soon accept her changes as *faits accomplis*. The peace conference will have no real power to change anything. The Catholic Church is the chief victim of the Yalta transgression of international law. The Latin Rite east of the Curzon Line in Poland has been wiped out by the transfer of population; the Eastern Rite is being liquidated by forcing the Uniates to unite with Moscow.

The sentence, "The three heads of Government consider that the eastern frontier should follow the Curzon Line," looks like an opinion rather than a formal decision. It has actually proved a death sentence for nations and churches, and is a gross violation of international law.

The peace-makers of the Treaty of Versailles very carefully protected even the cultural and religious interests of minority groups wherever the treaty provided for the secession of territories.

By contrast, the Allied chiefs at Yalta made no provision for protecting even the rights of majorities, let alone of minorities.

The Holy Father, in his last allocution to the newly created cardinals, condemned the deportation of populations in strong words. Allied acceptance of large scale population transfer is one of the greatest contemporary crimes against humanity and freedom. Mr. Eden, as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in defending this transfer,

appealed to the interchange of Greek and Turkish populations made on the basis of the Treaty of Lauzanne in 1923—as precedent. Apart from the morals of the Lauzanne agreement, we must point out that it affected only one and a half million people, as compared with tens of millions involved today. Furthermore, the interchange of population at that time was made under the auspices of the League of Nations and by its special settlement commission, under international control. Exceptions were made in the displacement program in favor of religious interests, Christian and Moslem. By way of contrast, the population transfers taking place now in the Russian zone of Eastern Europe lack outside control and are done in secret. Russia therefore has the opportunity to pursue its political aims in full and is liquidating all those she considers her enemies in the process. In many cases this transfer of population means complete destruction of the moral and physical framework of the people's lives. All this is the consequence of a shortsighted policy dictated only by considerations of military expediency.

We, as Catholics, are involved in this situation in three ways: Because of the breaking of international law, as this is essential to international order and a lasting peace; because of the spiritual and physical suffering of the victim nations; because of the destruction of the Church in these countries.

In consequence we must act in every way possible: We must publicize the unlawfulness of the Yalta Declaration, insisting on its revision in accordance with international law. The Declaration has already been condemned by the Hierarchy of the United States, and by their Eminences, Cardinals Tisserant and Spellman; we must make every effort to help save the Catholic Church, Latin and Uniate, from extermination by the Russians.

BACKING POLAND'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

(Continued from page 13)

that somebody really does care about us, and that we are no longer a slave race!"

Other patients could only show by smiles, or by faces betraying many strong emotions which rendered their voices inarticulate, how much it meant to be among friends after so many years of long days.

In the women's ward on the second floor lay a Polish mother, safe, adequately fed, medically safeguarded, who had the day before given birth to a small healthy son. The sunlight streamed in through the window across the bed, and the mother smiled with pride and joy at the tiny wrinkled face of the little life beside her.

Something of what it meant to these deported Poles is shown in Mrs. Lechtmann's account:

"When they found out that our doctors were Polish, their endless, pent-up emotions were released. They had someone who was glad to listen to them, and who could talk to them. They asked innumerable questions, overjoyed that at last they could express their troubles in their mother tongue. All their accumulated wishes were laid before us, such as requests to send letters home to Poland. They devoured eagerly every scrap of news about the outside world, and they read our Polish newspapers through and through."

Today the Unitarian hospital at Wermelskirchen has 120 beds and the patients are 96 percent Polish. There are garden plots where the ambulatory cases may putter around. The food is prepared by a dietitian. Important donations to the work have been made in the form of food, clothing, bandages and games by the Polish Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., the British Red Cross and American-Polish War Relief. A major operation has been per-

formed on an average of once every two days, besides minor ones and as the reputation of the hospital spreads, Poles in need of medical aid arrive in increasing numbers.

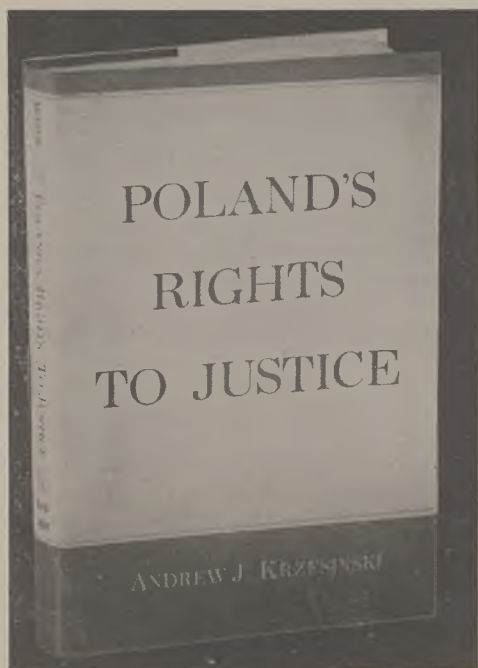
There are still difficulties to be overcome: there is no hot running water; soap is scarce; mops and brooms are almost impossible to obtain; much of the equipment is old and worn out; sterilization facilities are primitive; the pharmacy is understocked—but all these challenges are being met with ingenuity, imagination and courage.

In addition to the Wermelskirchen hospital, the Polish medical team has taken over the medical supervision of the Displaced Persons Division of the sanatorium for tubercular patients at Roderbirken, 20 kilometers away.

The work of the Polish Medical Mission in Germany is not its first effort for displaced Poles. Last winter there were thousands of them in camps in France. The outside world knew little about them—how they managed to bear children, to find food, and to gather rags for bleeding feet. But on July 23, 1945, the Unitarian team set out from Paris in two cars to bring what relief they could to the internees, beginning in Brittany.

They gave help to hundreds of these haunted pilgrims of flight, and the fugitives learned to bless the sign of the flaming chalice. When the chance came to be repatriated, the team had a tremendous job on its hands—no one could go home without a health certificate. In a single period of seven hectic weeks, the doctors examined 2,350 people in three camps in southern France, separating the contagious cases and those in need of hospitalization from the others.

... Without the team of specialists who make up the Unitarian Service Committee's Polish Medical Mission, hundreds of healthy Poles, who will now be able to aid in the rehabilitation of their country, would be dead.



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